

Female *H O N O U R*.
A N
E P I S T L E
T O T H E
Lady in Favour
F R O M T H E
Lady lately Kick'd-out.

*Stuck o'er with Titles, and hung round with Strings,
That thou may'st be by K---s, or Wh---s of K----s:
But by your Father's Worth, if your's you rate,
Count me those only, who are GOOD and GREAT.* POPE.

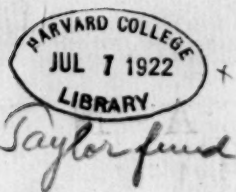


L O N D O N:
Printed for J. HUGGONSON on *Ludgate-Hill*. 1742.
(Price Six-Pence.)

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Female NOVO R.



EPHESIAN

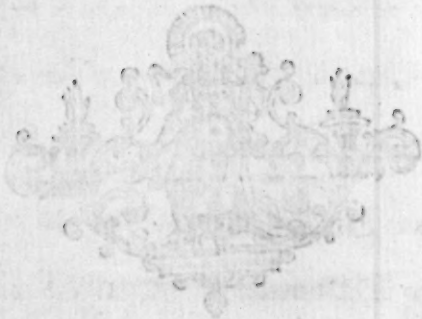
TO THE

Lady in Favour

FROM THE

Lady lately Kick-out

Stack of our early letters, and many more, which I
that they may be by K... or W...
But by your father's words, if you're not
Count me the lucky, who are GOOD and GRATEFUL



L O N D O N
Printed for J. Hugginson at the Angel in the
(The Six Bells)

Female Honour:

WITH fullen Spleen devour'd, and gloomy Thought,
By ill-tim'd Rage to late Repentance brought,

To thee, most happy Fair, these Lines I send,
By Passion dictated, in Madness penn'd:
For who can smile beneath fell Fortune's Frown?
Who can be calm, when from such Bliss thrown down?

How fair's the op'ning Scene, when the young Maid
Finds Love her tender Bosom first invade;
Soft vernal Shades her rising Wishes paint,
And much she longs to break her close Restraint;
Each Breeze, with sickning Sighs, declares her Love,
And ev'ry Glance doth fresh Incitement prove:
She draws the fancied Hero in her Mind,
And but with him no Comfort can she find;
All lovely to her Thoughts, she blames his Stay,
And pants, like gloting Doves, for am'rous Play;
She bids begone all fullen, gloomy Care,
And ev'ry Hour glides on serene and fair:

The

The conscious Blush, when first she views the Bed,
 Where, by her Parent's grateful Hands, she's led,
 Spreads not so much thro' Fear of future Shame,
 As the soft Glowing of a stifled Flame.
 By Thoughts of Grandeur all her Soul's possess'd,
 And Place and highest Honours fire her Breast;
 Ambition then, with Love, divides her Heart,
 She feels the Pleasure, but ne'er dreads the Smart;
 All Scandal scorns, all Censure she defies,
 And heedlessly unto her Ruin flies;
 Forsakes the little Fame, by Pow'r acquir'd,
 Her spurious Honour, soon as born's, expir'd:
 What Joys can't Grandeur give?---The Farce of State
 Makes Mis'ry Happy, and Contempt look Great.
 In dirty Streets more Transport she will share,
 Than starving Innocence in purest Air.
 The Smoak of P--ll M--ll is more pleasing grown
 Than all the secret Groves of K-----n.
 Her spritely Thoughts to briskest Measures dance,
 And Raptures, yet unknown, her Soul entrance;
 But soon, too soon, the Disappointment meets,
 Th' exhausted Comb no longer yields its Sweets;
 Doom'd to the Censure of the tatling Herd,
 And blam'd for Pleasures which she never shar'd;
 She finds fictitious Joys torment her most,
 And mourns the Virtue she so idly lost:

For what is Virtue but a Breath, a Name?
 All would be vicious, but thro' Dread of Shame;
 But they're most wretched who resign their Charms
 For Int'rest to debilitated Arms;
 Share all the Infamy, but never taste
 The Pleasure more than if they had been chaste.
 Here all the Diff'rence lies; where Power attends,
 Ambition makes a Thousand Sunshine Friends,
 Who flutter round you in the Blaze of Day;
 But, clouded in Disgrace, all fly away:
 Of short Duration are a Woman's Joys,
 One Hour she charms, that Hour repeated, cloy:
 The giddy Precipice we fondly court,
 But to fall Headlong thence in Fortune's Sport;
 Yet Pomp and Grandeur are such tempting Things,
 As ev'ry Woman to Subjection brings:
 But must thy Virtue then be made a Pledge
 To stop th' uplifted A-- and ready Sl--- ?
 When plung'd in Ill, Men persevere in Crimes,
 They new ones add for Safety oftentimes:
 The Bandit fierce, when ent'ring first the Gang,
 Must do some Deed for which he ought to hang,
 Left quick Remorse his shudd'ring Soul should sieze,
 And thus he rises Captain by Degrees:
 What less is he who shall his Country drain,
 Bleeding his native Land at ev'ry Vein;

And then, that he may awful Vengeance 'scape,
 Be aiding to his Daughter's forceful Rape ?
 Thus oft I've heard of some sad Vessel's Wreck,
 Subjecting Captains to the Merchant's Beck,
 When a fair Spouse's Virtue must atone
 For all the heedless Wrong the Wretch hath done :
 Why name I Virtue, and a handsome Wife ?
 Two Things eternally at War and Strife :
 My conscious Blushes rise at the dread Name ;
 I look with Horror on my guilty Flame.
 O let me veil my sad Misconduct past ;
 But the Rememb'rance will for ever last ;
 Loud sounding Calumny attends the Deed,
 Which future Times in publick Shame will read ;
 Yet who, like me allur'd, cou'd Bliss refuse,
 Such golden Prospects, and such pleasing Views ?
 Whene'er the first fond Dalliance I survey,
 I'm not surpriz'd, like me, you went astray.
 To see a Lover, Powerful and Great,
 Throw all his boasted Glories at my Feet,
 Who wou'd not a poor doating Husband leave,
 Such profer'd dazzling Honours to receive ?
 From low Obscurity at once to rise,
 And snatch, for Virtue's Loss, a golden Prize ?
 Let prudish Dames their nicer Honour boast,
 At such Temptations they are surely lost :

But

But from my Fate let them Example take,
 How they the Nuptial Tie too rashly break.
 My lovely Spouse, forc'd from my Arms to rove,
 Saw me resign'd a Prey to guilty Love :
 With Indignation saw, and fled the Sight
 Of what was once his Comfort and Delight.
 You, for a private Interest betray'd,
 Stake all the Honours of a blooming Maid.
 False in your Birth, you still pursue your Course,
 And by this Action make the Scandal worse.

In the high tragic Rants of raving *Lee*,
 Our proper Likeness you may plainly see.
 I, like *Roxana*, was at first ador'd,
 The So---gn Empress of my So---gn Lord,
 'Till your bewitching Charms gave me fresh Smart,
 And in soft filken Bands enchain'd his Heart.
 The T---le I for broken Vows obtain'd,
 You by your spurious Blood and Favour gain'd.
 There rankles all the Venom of my Mind,
 'Twas Splendor first that did my Reason blind ;
 And can I now forego my former State,
 And all the Ceremonies of the Great ?
 Adieu, ye blisful Bow'rs, where late I rov'd
 And wander'd thro', ye honour'd and belov'd !
 Adieu, ye verdant Walks, where oft we lay,
 And past, in am'rous Sports, the sultry Day !

Farewel,

Farewel, ye Grots, where myſtic Spirits dwell,
 By Wizards rais'd, as *D---k* deſcribes full well !
 But, oh ! it pierces all my Boſom thro'
 When I but think or dream of a *R---w* ;
 The gaudy Hoſt ſpread o'er the ample Plain,
 And all the Pomp of War, without the Stain ;
 When the gilt Chariot gave me the firſt Place,
 Superior even to her haughty *Grace*,
 High tow'ring o'er the Reſt my Hero ſat ;
 I knew him by the *Feather* in his *Hat* :
 He who ſo many Heroes cou'd command,
 To me ſubmiſſive came, with Cap in Hand :
 And can I bear the Torment, to behold
 Thee in my Room, and yet be tame and cold ?
 No ; let me burſt with Vengeance, e'er ſit ſtill
 And ſuffer ſuch premeditated Ill.
 Be all my Blandiſhments to Fury turn'd,
 And all my Art to Scorn, by whom I'm ſcorn'd.
 Think not, thou Offspring of thy Nation's Foe,
 That, thus diſcarded, I'll my Right forego.
 No ; tho' our *Lord's* exalted high above
 The mean Pretenſions of my humble Love,
 If not my Charms his Favour can engage,
 O let me ſtill purſue him with my Rage,
 Urge home my vengeful Wrath, and loudly tell
 The Wrong I ſuffer'd ; how I baſely fell.

The

The scurrile Taunts my milder Temper bore ;
 How, Carman-like, he often call'd me ———,
 'Till I no longer cou'd my Patience hold ;
 What Woman can, when kick'd, refuse to scold ?
 The meanest British Slave, that sins for Hire,
 At such an Insult, instantly takes Fire :
 Your *English Beauties* ye may kick and cuff,
 But *Foreigners* are made of *better Stuff*.
 Did r---l C-----les his Cl-----nd thus abuse,
 Tho' oft he found her reeking from the Stews ?
 No ; the same Liberty he took, he gave ;
 Nor sunk the *wanton Mistress* in the *Slave*.
 His *Sc-pt-r* round to all his C---rt he shar'd,
 And each, by Turns, his Favourite appea'rd
 But Men were vig'rous then, each glowing Dame
 Sigh'd, and confess'd, and met a mutual Flame ;
 And shall——but Grief and Rage my Utt'rance choak ;
 To be turn'd off, insulted, and forlook !
 Each Moment since, our Parting I have curst,
 And only grieve that I was not the *first*.
 Had Time permitted but a longer Space,
Inconstancy had fav'd me this Disgrace.
 A *base-born* Brat, that from meer Nothing rose,
 May tremble at his Frowns, and dread his Blows ;
 May court and fling herself into his Arms,
 And raise him up to fumble o'er her Charms,

Till, tir'd and foil'd, he spurns thee from his Bed,
 Where now thou art exalted, in my Stead.
 And shall the Philters that I form'd for Love,
 Lifeless to me, to thee Incentives prove?
 Each Art I tried, and varied ev'ry Dress;
 Soft soothing Lips my Passion did express:
 Tender as *Venus*, when she prest *Jove's* Knee
 To set her *Trojan Son* and Subjects free,
 Now loose as her I threw the Veil aside,
 And to Love's Couch became the *Warrior's* Guide.
 No Net betray'd us in the close Embrace,
 Tho' a rude C---ry once rush'd to the Place,
 Who all our private Rites too plainly found,
 And saw us n--k--d on the mossy Ground.
 Then in a more majestic Form display'd,
 I summon'd all the Arts of Grandeur to my Aid;
 In Eastern Pride outshone the Blaze of Day,
 And shed, at ev'ry Step, a piercing Ray:
 But found, too soon, my Influence was past,
 And all my *Pearls* to senseless Brutes were cast.
 Provocatives had lost their usual Pow'r,
 And Vigour, Love and Pleasure were no more.
 Like the *Aegyptian* Queen, I strove to charm;
 But nothing my poor *Anthony* cou'd warm.
 When Love flow'd fierce, and all my Veins were full,
 Stupid he lay, cold, motionless and dull.

Tho'

Tho' icy Torrents freeze his aged Veins,
His Foot its wonted Vigour still retains.

This thy E---I Father may receive with Smiles,
A Recompence for all his Coward Wiles :

But let him know, a poor weak Woman scorns
To take such Usage, without due Returns.

For this my *Hand*, as piercing Lightning quick,
With a *kind Slap* return'd the *loving Kick*.)

So loving *Juno* often, as 'tis said,

The Favours of her wand'ring *Jove* repaid :

And soon as she an upstart Rival met,

The madding Deities at Loggerheads set.

Both with their Parties the high Strife maintain,

And Uproar fill'd the *Empyrean* Plain :

'Till, scar'd at *Juno's* Noise, the Thund'rer fled,

And in a private Closet hid his Head,

Lock'd up with *Hebe*, in a dirty Shirt,

Six Days e'er he D-mini-n durst exert.

Where roves my madding Thought?----How frail we are?

Stormy like *April*, and anon as fair.

My Rage subsides, and Grief again takes Place ;

'Tis not my *Loss* I mourn, but my *Disgrace*.

There lies our Female Honour ; 'tis the Shame

Of Vice that hurts us----*W---re* ! the odious *N*ame :

But well the busy World may Censure throw,

When those upbraid us most, who made us so.

Be warn'd by me, nor flush'd with too much Pride ;
 Your former Equals sneeringly deride,
 Lest they deride you, when your Favour's flown,
 An *Oath*, a *Kick*, and *Curse*, may cast you down.
 For *Me*, past all the pleasing Bloom of Youth,
 My future Years must mourn my forfeit Truth ;
 By late Repentance taught, no Joy's sincere,
 There is no Station unalloy'd with Fear.
 For *You* Fate may have greater Bliss in Store,
 And still reward you, when the Trial's o'er.
 Awhile your tender Blandishments may save
 A S-re from Ruin and untimely Grave ;
 Stop all *Complaints* from reaching where they shou'd,
 And disappoint the N----n of his B----d :
 Then, *honour'd* by the *Infamy* you've undergone,
 Some *gaping* P----r you Failings shall atone,
 And shew you Brilliant in the *Height of Life* ;
 No more a MISTRESS, but a *virtuous WIFE*.

F I N I S.